

TYPE OF AMERICAN.

—By Gibson.



EDGAR SALTUS SAYS THERE ARE OTHERS.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

When quite young I was instructed never to differ from a lady, no matter how wrong she might be. Even otherwise, experience would have taught me that in the absence of a criterion of truth argument is futile. I shall not, therefore, attempt to refute Mrs. Atherton's statement that the majority of American men are money-greedy and sensual. Besides, Mrs. Atherton is better qualified to size up her acquaintances than I am, and while I did not know she had so many, I am sorry they should have given her cause for complaint. She has my sympathy.

Apart from her experiences, and looking at the matter from the abstract rather than from the concrete, as there is a faint mathematical possibility of the correctness of any given statement, I should be willing to concede that she may be right had she omitted a qualification. Love and lust are the motor forces of the world. It is not Americans alone that are fond of them. Men are, barring, of course, those who have had an indolence of both, and these who are incapacitated from enjoying either.

Mrs. Atherton may allege that sensuality is not love, and I agree with her in advance. But I fancy she will not disagree with me if I venture to define sensuality as passion, and state that while there may be passion without love, there can be no love without passion.

In days gone by sensuality was deified. It is to be found among the earliest forms of religion, among some of the most elaborate, too. The worship of the Golden Calf was undoubtedly, and has been continuous. It is rumored that Hindu pundits and German priests devote interest themselves with other things. But the world is not peopled by them. It is made up of races who differ in complexion, in costume and customs, but whose failures to grasp the ideal, to touch so much as a fringe of the hem of her mantle of stars, is universal, human and the same.

The majority of American men may be money-greedy and sensual. But there are others. As Mrs. Atherton did not incur human nature, she is free to have her flag at it. But before she does so again, with entire respect and every deference, I beg leave to remind her that it is provincial to be narrow and Philistine to be both.

EDGAR SALTUS.

NO "SENSUALITY," SAYS MR. HAXTON.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

Is sensuality a characteristic of the American man? Is it not, on the contrary, a fact that his senses play too small a part in the direction of his life?

By an accident of association the word sensuality has been cramped to an especial service; it suggests, to most people, the uxoriousness of the husband, the profligacy of the bachelor. It is used in this sense by the ladies who write "noisy of sex." It earned, in this connection, its place in the phrases that wink knowingly at the reader. That is the question, then: Is the male of our tribe very fiercely male?

No, he is not. He is too busy. He works too hard. The bear of burden never shows a very splendid agitation at the coming of his beastness. When we have a leisure class, we may develop the lion who is always roaring at the lioness. But as yet the lioness pines.

The good domestic drudge, the helpmeet, the housewife, the yoke-fellow, the New York woman who spends long, narrow evenings in a fog, narrow drawing room, receives the dutiful pats of approbation which her simple soul demands. But the more ambitious lioness seeks her lion abroad. She may be seen in the Springtime on an ocean steamer questing eastward. We poor creatures, who rush to refuse on cable cars, never fear: the fact is notorious. It is in England that a man is nobly male. There are ten thousand British lions who rear uneasily. They have nothing else to do.

H. R. HAXTON.

IT IS MONSTROUS, LOIE FULLER DECLARES.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

"Gertrude Atherton" overlooks the fact that the American women who are ruling social London are types of the development made possible by the American man. The story of the American woman's conquest of London is an open book. What is an American? Why, a cosmopolitan. Does not Gertrude Atherton appreciate the fact that when the American woman goes abroad she is simply visiting her old home? She carries back into England the splendid physique, into Italy the soulful eyes, into France the vivacity and chic, into Germany the classic contour of features and repose of manner, into Austria the stately and ceremonial movement, into Spain the pulsating life that thrills beneath every nerve at a tension, or into Greece the poetic mind and aspiring soul, that have been borrowed, acquired and absorbed. That is why the American girl queens it in London or anywhere else, for she can say, "The world is mine."

It is hardly necessary for me to defend our men. They are well able to do that. We don't export them, because we cannot spare them, and they are not going wife-hunting abroad, not so long as they have at their own doors the divine creatures that seem now to be the world's desire. There is no demand as yet for a protective tariff upon the importation of Englishmen. The statement that money greed and sensuality are the predominant elements in the character of the American man is monstrous. He is as true as the sun, as rugged and sturdy and sheltering as the oak. His faith in womanhood is absolute. No knight of old ever boasted such true chivalry. He is the power behind the throne on which the American woman is ensconced.

ARE AMERICAN MEN—"ONLY MONEY GREED AND SENSUALITY?"

Gertrude Atherton Startles London Her Revolutionary Opinions Critically Examined by Mr. Saltus, Mr. Fawcett, Alan Dale, and Other Able Writers.

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S LETTER TO THE LONDON DAILY NEWS OF AUGUST 22.

To the Editor of the London Daily News:

SIR: The fascination of Englishmen for American women has been much discussed of late, but the time is approaching when the possession of England by American women will prove a subject of far more vital controversy. In fact, it threatens to become one of the great international questions, for it means the reconstruction of two races. I understand that an effort is being made by the United States Government to prevent its voting citizens remaining abroad more than two years at a time; that it is seriously alarmed at the increasing thousands of Americans who are settling in Europe. The United States has also half awakened to the fact that the defection of its women means a loss of something more than millions, although as yet its only suggestions in respect-protection have been to impose a tax on the dots of American heiresses—marrying foreigners, and to create a domestic peacocks.

Meanwhile, what is the reason that at the present moment American women practically own London? That they set the fashions, have—not to exaggerate—five admirers to every English woman's one—and the pick of the best men? A great many obvious reasons have been advanced. They are prettier, cleverer, more vivacious, more natural, dress better—which is to the eye what music is to the soul—have a born and acute understanding of men, less religion—above all, more money.

These reasons are all good, but a little analysis will show that they do not hold water. Spanish and Austrian women are more beautiful than Americans. The French woman is equally clever and vivacious, dresses as well, and what she does not know about men is not worth recording. With the Catholic races, at least, religion is an airy convention, not calculated to make man wish that all women were Pagans; and there are heiresses all over the world.

The one manifest point, therefore, upon which the American woman is sui generis, is her naturalness, her habit of thinking out loud, her lack of self-consciousness, of mannerism. All English women talk as if they had studied elocution. An American voice, even when trainee, has the effect of spontaneity. And so with the manner, the habit of thought, the quick, fresh way of looking at life.

But this quality, delightful as it is, is hardly strong enough to constitute more than a passing charm, and the American woman's foothold in England is growing firm as the years go by. She has come to stay, and what is more, no Englishman seems to be terrified by his brother's choice.

Under the obvious reason, or rather set of reasons, there must, then, be a fundamental and psychological reason. Englishmen rarely marry European women, with all their manifold charms. They make love in Paris, Vienna, Seville, Venice and Yokohama, but the foreigner they marry is the American. It must be, therefore, that they recognize in American women something that they must want—something that the women of their own country cannot give them.

Can it be that while Englishmen have gone forward, have become more alive every year, have kept pace with their century—it may almost be said that they have set the pace—the English woman has stood still? In many instances has she not degenerated? Take her literature. With some very few exceptions, no English woman to-day is writing either intellectual or wholesome fiction. Leaving the silly novelists out of the question, what does the enormous success of the neurotic, morbid and decadent effusion denote? One need hardly think twice to answer that it means a general degeneracy among English women.

I hear several thousand people remarking: "These same books have had great sales in America." So they have, but because the United States is intellectually under the yoke of England, and is as yet too heterogeneous to have a mind of its own on the subject of literature. None of these books would have achieved success if written in America—in fact, they could not have been written in America. As it is, they are read out of curiosity, tossed aside and forgotten.

To return: It is inconceivable that the women who read and exist in these novels as the expression of their inner selves do not bore and disgust men. Englishmen, taking them generally, are the most wholesome, healthy-minded men in the world. They live a clean outdoor life, love sport better than women, and make history along the natural lines of evolution. In them is no taint of morbidity, and it is easy to imagine how little attraction the quality has for them in womanhood.

Do the "advanced women" and their following actually believe that they can reconstruct these men—the most dominant, perfectly balanced, rapidly developing—along lines laid down by themselves—and highly developed race of men the world has ever known? As well try to harness the sun. The end will be that their men will let them severely alone and marry American women. In the feminine literature of to-day, and in its success, is the note of decay; one can smell the mould.

It seems to me that this is the secret of the affinity between American women and Englishmen. The vast majority of American men are composed of two elements only—money-greed and sensuality. They are at the very beginning of their own development, the most elemental race of men in all civilization to-day. American women have so far flashed past them that they stand on the plane which English women would occupy if they had kept pace with their men. They are alive to their finger tips; they have cast off the yoke of conventionality, cut-and-dried religion, and all the old forms and traditions which should be and must become obsolete as the higher civilization develops; they premise all that seems to be moribund or stunted in the older race of women; in short, they are at a point in their evolution where, mentally, spiritually and sexually, they are the natural companions of Englishmen; and Englishmen, with or without analysis, have recognized the fact. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

IMPRUDENT ASSERTIONS, EDGAR FAWCETT DECLARES.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

Sweeping assertions, like those of even so able a writer as Mrs. Atherton, are always imprudent. Who has not met the Madonnalike English woman, with a voice as golden as her hair and less brains than her pet pug? But who, again, has not met the clever, capable English woman, grande dame to the verges of her pink, curled lips and of those crumpled rose leaves—her ears?

If both types appear often to our foreign eye like elements of merely a gracious and beautiful background, we should remember that England (as Henry James once said to me) is a man's country. All the vitality and energy of the island is concentrated in its male population. If American women ever really got the upper hand in England (which they are at present very far from doing) they would doubtless lapse into the same semi-subservience as that of their British sisters.

Mrs. Atherton's delineation of the modern Englishman I cannot endorse. If it be a question of "money-greed" I think he can't be a sovereign quite as far off as an American can. As for "sensuality," I think this trait very much more English than American. There are many proofs to be found; let one suffice. I mean the night horrors of the most "respectable" London street; horrors which have no parallel here.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

GLEVER GIRLS AT HOME, SAYS GEORGIA GAYVAN.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

I am heartily in favor of that Gertrude Atherton says about the prettiness, vivacity, cleverness, naturalness and dressiness of our women as I condemn what she says about our men. Our girls abroad and at home are all these delightful things that the English writer says they are, and what they are they, their fathers, brothers and husbands have made them.

We have at home thousands of girls as good and clever, as beautiful and fit to rule as those who have conquered London society, and we can afford to send more to further leaven the civilization of the old world.

If the American girl is better dressed, it is because the American man—the father, brother, husband—will have it so.

If she is accomplished, it is because his delight is in her mental and social perfection.

If she is "natural," it is because she has not to be dishonest to keep his love.

GEORGIA GAYVAN.

A NEW BRITISH SHIP.

The Caesar, a Giant Battleship of 15,000 Tons Displacement, Has Been Launched.

The latest important addition to the British navy is the Caesar, which has just been launched. Its principal dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 300 feet; extreme breadth, 75 feet; mean draught of water, 27 feet 6 inches; displacement when fully equipped, about 15,000 tons. She will be fitted with twin screws, each driven by an independent set of vertical triple expansion engines, capable of working up to a total of 12,000 horse power for the two sets of engines. With this horse power a speed of about eighteen knots will be realized. Provision is made for stowing 2,250 tons.

Her protective armor varies in thickness from 6 inches to 14 inches. It consists of steel carburized by the Harvey process. Two masts will be fitted with fighting tops, and carrying 3-pounder quick-firing guns. Eighteen boats will be carried, including four steamboats. Three of these latter, fitted for discharging 14-inch Whitehead

torpedoes, will be capable of acting independently of the ship for torpedo attack.

The main armament will consist of four 12-inch breech-loading guns, twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns, and sixteen 12-pounder 12-hundred-weight quick-firing guns. The armament will be completed by twelve 3-pounder quick-firing guns in the fighting tops on the masts, two 12-pounder 8-hundred-weight quick-firing boat and field guns, and eight 45-inch Maxim guns. Twenty-two torpedoes will be carried, which can be fired from four submerged tubes, two forward and two aft, and one above water tube at the stern. Upon completion the Caesar will be commissioned with a complement of 738 officers and men.

MRS. LI HUNG CHANG.

The Possessor of One Thousand Two Hundred Pairs of Pantaloon.

Mrs. Li Hung Chang ought to be supremely happy. She is the lucky possessor of something like five hundred gowns, two hundred undershirts, and one thousand two hundred pantaloons. And isn't it quite palpable that the Countess must wear the breeches in the Li household, considering the quality of trousers here recorded?

POLAR MISERIES.

One Explorer Suffers from Thirst, Another from Cold and Others from Darkness.

The Arctic explorers complain of different causes of misery which they encounter in the far North. Dr. Nansen says the thirst induced by the terribly irksome labor of sledge-hauling gave him most trouble. Though the Polar world is covered with frozen water, there is none for drinking purposes save that which is thawed, and on the march it is almost impossible to get this without melting to thaw it.

Other explorers complain of the effects of the wind and sun. It is well known that a very low degree of cold can be borne without discomfort so long as the air is still, but the moment it gets in motion it strikes the skin like the blast of a furnace. Its effects have often been described as precisely similar to those of a burn.

The sun, when it is visible, is hot, and pools and blisters the skin.

But perhaps after all the greatest evil and misery which confront the Polar explorer spring from the fearful depression, mental and physical, of the long nights of two and three thousand hours of gloom and semi-darkness. Under its influence men seem to suffer like plants deprived of sunlight. A week or so will often completely change their characters, and the enforced idleness, universal gloom and bitter cold combined, reduce life to its lowest terms and make it so miserable that many have found refuge from it in insanity or suicide.

DANGERS OF GOLF.

How easily a fatal accident may occur at golf was recently shown in England. It is pretty certain that a ball driven hard will kill a man, but in this case death was caused merely by the raising of the club preparatory to striking.

The report says that an inquest was held at the Neptune Hotel, Old Hunstanton, on the body of Hubert Collier Rogers, sixteen, who died on the golf links, having been accidentally struck on the back of the head by a fellow caddy named Beverley, the deceased being behind him when he raised the club preparing to strike the ball. He died in a few minutes from concussion of the brain.

AMERICAN MEN UNSELFISH, SAYS WINIFRED BLACK.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

What Mrs. Atherton says about the American woman has been said so often, and by so many different kinds of people, that it is hard to understand the present uprising among the ill tribes. The American man—that is quite, quite a different story.

The American man is the most unselfish, the most high-minded, the most generous, the most kind-hearted, the most unromantic and the best man in the world.

He is also the very worst husband on top of this whirling globe. He marries a decent sort of a girl, for the American girl is not half bad, really, before she is spoiled, and he goes promptly to work to make her miserable. He doesn't know that's what he's doing, but he does it.

A spoiled woman is as unhappy as a spoiled child, and the American wife is unhappy.

She cries for candy, and her husband gives it to her. Then she has indigestion, and cries some more, and he gives her more candy, and she cries again, and he tries a more expensive sort of candy—and all the time the thing for him to do is to put the poor, little, nervous, idle, fanciful creature on a good diet of bread and milk, and see her come up smiling under the treatment.

The American woman may be "clever," and "spirited," and "spirited," and all the rest of the pretty things they call her, but after all she's just a woman—a woman who wants to be made love to, and scolded now and then, and bossed all the time, and the American man doesn't know how to do a single one of these very simple things.

When an American loves his wife, he buys her diamonds. When she's wilful, he buys her a sealskin coat. When she's pettish and unreasonable, and unbearably despot, he buys her a pair of horses and a new house.

When she gets entirely out of sorts, and there's no pleasing her at all, he worries over her, and he works himself ill, to make the money to send her on a trip to Europe. When he brings her the money, and tells her about Europe, the woman goes one of two things.

If she's a good woman, and loves her husband in spite of all he's done to spoil her, she looks at the money with a little bump in her throat, and she thanks him for all he has sacrificed for her—and she goes upstairs and cries her eyes out, to think that her husband sends her away from him to be happy.

If she is the miserable, selfish, vain, mercenary peacock the American husband does his best to make a woman, she kisses affluently—and goes to her best friend and laughs at him for a feigned idiot.

A good man, a high-minded man, a generous man—the American—all these things, and a thousand times more than all these things.

A good husband?

In the whole history of matrimony there is no worse.

WINIFRED BLACK.

CHINESE BUTTONS.

How the Ranks in the Nobility Are Shown by Buttons of Various Colors.

Has the button craze been helped by Li Hung Chang and the fashion for things Chinese? Buttons play an important part in the dress of Chinese mandarins. Those of the first and second class wear a button of coral red, suggested, perhaps, by a cock's comb, since the cock is the bird that adorns their breast.

The third class are gorgeous with a robe on which a peacock is emblazoned, while from the centre of the red fringe of silk upon the hat rises a sapphire button. The button of the fourth class is an opaque, dark purple stone, and the bird depicted on the robe is the peacock.

A silver pheasant on the robe and a clear crystal button on the hat are the rank of the fifth class. The sixth class are entitled to wear an embroidered stock and a jade-stone button; the seventh a partridge and an embossed gold button. In the eighth the partridge is reduced to a quail and the gold button becomes plain, while the ninth class mandarin has to be content with a common sparrow for his emblem, and with silver for his button.

FASHION FOR MEN.

The Rich Englishman Now Dances on His Clothes Before Wearing Them.

An excellent authority, the London Daily Telegraph, states that a new and curious fashion prevails among the rich men of London.

They have developed a horror of wearing clothes that appear absolutely new. To be clad in a brand new suit of clothes is a desire that animates the breast of the humblest and vulgar of toilers, and one which the rich and aristocratic do not care to share.

Therefore when the man of high society gets a new suit of clothes, which happens very frequently, he throws the garments on the floor and dances on them, and then bangs them on the wall. He may delegate these duties to his valet.

The spirit which animates this fashion is the same which has led the British upper classes to drop formality of manners and polite conventionalities. The middle classes were acquiring a knowledge of these things, and their social superiors do not wish to have anything in common with them.

TYPE OF ENGLISHMAN.

—By Du Maurier.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX SAID IT ALL YEARS AGO.

To W. R. Hearst New York Journal:

I have nothing to say to the Atherton. I said it all years ago.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MEN ARE WHAT WOMEN MAKE THEM, SAYS ALAN DALE.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

Gertrude Atherton is "sensationalizing" for the benefit of an English audience, and doing it in an amusing and archly feminine manner. It is the easiest thing in the world to generalize; the most difficult task on earth to particularize. Mrs. Atherton, scintillant in her own little London literary clique, proud of an occasional mention as "among those present" at a "Labourers' garden party" or a Marie Corelli wedding struggle, makes sweeping statements affecting the entire English metropolis. She gives us no statistics, no proof, nothing but her own individual opinion. In fact, she is an entertaining young woman, writing "impressions," but possessed with the absurd idea that she sees great things.

"English men rarely marry European women, with all their manifold charms," says Gertrude. "They make love in Paris, Vienna, Seville, Venice and Yokohama, but the foreigner they marry is the American."

Martellous and far-seeing Mrs. Atherton! It never seems to occur to this lady that 20,000 American women cross the Atlantic Ocean every Summer and invade the Englishmen in their homes, their hotels, their Summer resorts, their theatres, their highways and their byways. Last August, when I was in London, there were 40,000 Americans there. How odd it would be if from so many pretty, vivacious and well-bred girls, a few were not selected to become the wives of Englishmen! John Bull is annually confronted by thousands of the richest, best educated and decorous daughters owned by Uncle Sam. John does not go to them to woo; they cross over to him to be wooed.

This, in my opinion, easily explains the few marriages that occur between Englishmen and American women. It is perfectly simple. The only wonder is that so many charming lassies "from the States" return to their own country unwed. Mrs. Atherton erects an unsubstantial mountain, and the mountain gives birth to a mouse. As for the "money-greed and sensuality of American men"—well, men are what women make them. We all know that. When American women have learned the lesson of perfect domesticity that has been achieved in England for centuries; when they have ceased to regard sartorial effect as the summum bonum of life; when they have abandoned the vicious practice of leaving their husbands alone in the cities during the Summer months while they flaunt themselves, oddly peacocklike, at the big Summer hotels—when American women have learned all this well, perhaps the "money-greed and sensuality of American men" may be less in evidence than at the present moment.

ALAN DALE.

WOMEN ARE SNOBS, ARTHUR MCEWEN ASSERTS.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

When a lady gurgles with enthusiasm over a whole race of men there rises to the lip of experience the query: "Who is he?" But world-wide generalizations, based on one Englishman, however virtuous, accomplished and distracting he may be, are not apt to be given high value by the careful sociologist. Mrs. Atherton's observations on the males of her native land and those of the island in which she has been taken captive, possess, therefore, an interest that is chiefly sentimental and literary. That there are nice Englishmen is as true as that there are American women with all the talents and attractions described by Mrs. Atherton, but that all Englishmen are nice and the superiors of men anywhere and everywhere else is a contention as sound as her other remarkable proposition that "the vast majority of American men are," in addition to being rudimentary creatures, "composed of two elements only—money-greed and sensuality."

When Mrs. Atherton has recovered she will see more clearly why American women and Englishmen frequently attract one another. The kind of American women who visit England and go into society there are usually educated and have plenty of money, and Englishmen do not share the rude and primitive American male's belief that it is despicable to marry for money. Our travelling girls take to Englishmen because women are nearly always snobs, and title and family dazzle them. Besides, they are spoiled at home here, where there is paid to them a deference which older Europe withholds. In all save a few women, and these exceptions are unpleasant, there exists a craving for a master. No woman can really love a man whom she does not in her heart revere as her lord. The Englishman is the most masterful of men. That is to say, there is no other nation which produces men who have for themselves so simple, unquestioning and unshakable an admiration.

The congratulations of her pleased countrymen are extended to Mrs. Atherton, and, I am sure, there are none who will not wish so much talent and beauty much happiness. But there still remain a good many American women who are content to put up with American husbands, and the notion, communicated with such earnestness to the London Daily News, that this Republic is to be benefitted presently of its female population by the supernally beautiful and gifted and all-conquering British, will hardly spread belief and terror throughout a country for which, in her present excited state of mind, pretty and clever Mrs. Atherton has acquired a disgust which all ladies will smilingly understand.

ARTHUR MCEWEN.